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diseases as cholera, typhus, or yellow fever are among us, he who, from a selfish fear of inconveniencing himself, hides the disease from the health authorities is morally guilty of all that may result from his act.

CYRUS EDSON.

LYNCH LAW IN THE SOUTH.

IN THE course of recent events, public attention has been pointedly called to the extent to which the criminal jurisdiction of the courts in the South has been superseded by what is commonly styled Lynch Law. Lynching is prevalent enough in other parts of the Union, but for causes quite obvious when considered, it has lately been more prevalent in the South than elsewhere. Consequently, it is not at all surprising that partisan hostility has availed itself of this fact to again seek to kindle the old expiring fires of sectional misconception and discord.

The effort will not be successful. If lynching is more prevalent in the South than elsewhere, it is because the negro population of the Union is congested in the South mainly, and because, in the last year or so, the negro there has violated the chastity of white women with such appalling frequency, and under circumstances so unutterably shocking to human nature, that the white race there has been goaded into a degree of excited feeling for which no occasion has existed in other parts of the Union. This is why it is that the attitude of the country at large towards lynch law in the South is so tolerant. Nothing can justify lynching, under any conditions not totally abnormal, no matter how heinous the crime, or unmistakably guilty the accused, or orderly the execution, or universal the approbation of the community. But the human heart is passionately wedded to home and the family and to female purity, at once their vital breath and crowning grace.

Of all the crimes that stir the profoundest emotions of the human breast, none are comparable, in this respect, with the grosser crimes against female virtue. In spite of every restraining precept, it is rarely that a jury, in any civilized country of the world, can be found to convict even the husband who has killed the seducer, who has inflicted upon him no injury to which the wife herself was not a voluntary party. What, then, shall we say of the feelings awakened by an outrage surpassing all others in the overwhelming and lasting shame and humiliation that it carries along with it?

But the act itself is not all. Suppose the prisoner to be indicted and arraigned.

How ten-fold odious and maddening does the crime become when it recurs in a community almost with the regularity of the morning newspaper! And yet it is no exaggeration to say that such for some time past has been the case in the South. Neither age nor youth has been spared. Between the 29th day of April and the 8th day of June in the present year, outrages by negroes upon white children were reported in the public press from Florida, Virginia, Maryland, Mississippi and Arkansas.

So blindly irrational and overpowering appears to be the criminal impulse, too, that danger of detection and absolute assurance of an awful fate, in case of detection, have but little deterrent force. For instance, a short time since a negro was lynched, in a small village in Virginia, for an assault upon a white woman, and lynched under circumstances calculated to strike terror into every depraved mind. Yet only a brief period afterwards a similar assault was committed in the same village by another.

Nor, it is most painful to record, has one solitary negro of intelligence, so far as the writer knows, ever raised his voice in reprobation of the crime that is responsible for the vast majority of Southern lynchings. Conventions enough of the race have protested against lynch law. One delegation, encouraged, perhaps, by the advice that the President once gave the negro "to people" a southern state, instead of seeking the vacant lands of Oklahoma, has even waited upon the Chief Executive of the nation. But the writer has yet to hear of a single sermon, a single speech, a single paper, in which a negro has expressed the slightest sympathy for the helpless white women who have been abused by his race, in the South, or the slightest detestation of the inhuman creatures who abused them. Indeed, indications are not wanting of a disposition to view the matter solely from a race standpoint. Last fall, a negro on the eastern shore of Maryland, who had been captured by a single white man immediately after attempting an atrocious assault, was actually released from the custody of his captor, and set at large by a band of negroes.

Such are the conditions that have created a widespread feeling on the part of the white race in the South, however mistaken, that the most flagitious of crimes has become almost epidemic in their midst, and that only a nemesis, following the offence as surely and speedily as does the thunder clap the lightning flash, is adequate to the protection of their mothers, wives and daughters. This feeling will hardly be allayed by the advice recently given to the negro by a relict of the carpet-bag era, to resort to the torch and the dagger, though it will certainly receive no accession of irritation from the curious attempt to satisfy the demands of negro delegates, without arousing anew the sympathy of women in other sections of the Union for their suffering Southern sisters, that is apparent in the plank of the late Minneapolis convention, which denounces "the continued inhuman outrages perpetrated on American citizens for *political* reasons in certain States of the Union."

However this may be, there can be no doubt that the pressure of similar conditions, in any State of the Union, outside of the South, would produce exactly the same results. That negro, lately dragged through the streets of Port Jervis, and hanged by a mob of a thousand people, for violating a white woman, and that coroner's jury and that grand jury which were unable to secure a single eye-witness of the hanging, are as strong proofs as could be asked that there is no essential difference between white men in the State of New York and the white men at Nashville who, last April, passed around the watchwords "Remember your homes," "Remember your wives and daughters," and executed their purpose, though one of their number was shot to death, as he should have been, by an officer of the law. There is no little pith in the late remark of the New York *Herald* that, "The difference between bad citizens who believe in lynch law, and good citizens who abhor lynch law, is largely in the fact that the good citizens live where their wives and daughters are perfectly safe."

Why is it that the negro has become such an habitual offender against female virtue in the South? We say nothing of the North; though small, comparatively, as is the negro population of the North, it is addicted to the same crime to a degree altogether out of proportion to its number. We answer unhesitatingly, much as we are gratified that the incubus of slavery has been forever lifted from the South,—because the negro is no longer subject to the authority of a master, and is yet subject to no other form of moral dis-

cipline that can take its place to as good, or better, advantage. Wherever he is brought, as in the cities of the South, into close contact with the white race and its civilization, he has manifested some capacity for the acquisition of education and property. But, in the rural communities of the South, where his race is mainly massed, every year has seen him more and more estranged from all that personal relationship with the white race, authoritative or otherwise, that once exercised such an important influence over him, and, therefore, freer and freer to succumb to the retrogressive tendencies of his own nature. During the Civil War, and for many years after the war, unsettled as some of these years were, he was rarely known to violate a white woman.

What does the white race in the South intend to do to put an end to lynch law? So far as this result is to be consummated by elevating the negro himself to a higher plane, the white race in the South can only say that it is already doing all that it can do. It has for a long time taxed itself almost beyond its resources to educate the negro, in the hope that the expansion of his intellectual faculties might make him better fitted to sustain the weight of the exacting privileges that were so abruptly conferred upon him.

The best conscience and intelligence of the South can only promise that they will exhaust every effort to bring the lawless elements of society under control. Anomalous conditions, however, produce anomalous consequences, and unless the negro does his part too, there will doubtless be ample occasion yet for patience. The reassuring thought at every juncture should be that, if lynching is the wrongful and dangerous practice that it unquestionably is, the communities where it is practised will be the first to feel its bad effects, and will, therefore, be the wisest and most efficient instruments for its extirpation.

W. CABELL BRUCE.

WOMEN IN THE FIELD OF ART-WORK.

THE art-work of women now past middle life was mostly confined in their early youth to copying with a crayon point the "hatchings" and "stipplings" of French lithographs. Artistic taste was at that time nourished on such subjects as girls with birds in their hands, Italian hurdy-gurdy players, with languid black eyes, under plumed slouch hats. In addition to such sallies, young women employed leisure moments in painfully duplicating with fine lead pencils the innumerable leaves of trees seen in engravings, while some old castle or the round tower of a mill, in the portfolio of their drawing professor, excited great enthusiasm. But then art students were rare and scarcely found outside our large cities and towns. The mothers of the present generation of girls recollect well this state of things, and they can also recall the square cross-stitch done in Berlin wools then usual for embroidering slippers and lamp-mats; while a dog, cat, or lion, executed in the same way, was the theme for a hearth-rug or a fire-screen.

But our grandmothers were even more elementary than their daughters in their conception of art. When the young lady of that generation had finished her sampler in crewel-work, and appended to this bit of embroidery a yellow canary bird eating impossible cherries from a tree scarcely taller than itself; or had fashioned with her needle a willow tree overhanging a white gravestone, above which a mourner was weeping, such examples